

The Last Leaf

By
FRANCES LANYON

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"He's not coming back—I feel it, I know it," sighed Ira Wells. "I hope Janet don't take on!"

The old man breathed hard amid his mournful soliloquy. He was carrying a leaf of the dining room table up the attic stairs. They were crooked and he was not supple or nimble. He groaned a trifle as a narrow turn nearly upset him. Finally, however, he reached the top of the stairs, dragging the heavy black walnut board after him.

"The last leaf!" he voiced solemnly, and set it up against the slanting rafter. Then he rubbed his eyes and stood viewing the board and its environment solemnly.

"All gone now," he murmured. "It had to come, I suppose; but Joel—I thought he'd stick it out. There's Nellie, of course, but she is like an own daughter and always counted on making her home with us. And now—she's just as heartbroken as we are."

The last leaf of the dining room table had been in use—but that was in the long ago. Madge had married and she and her husband and his sister and, later, the two little ones, with Joel, the only son, had made the old house ring with joy and laughter. Always was there a merry, happy table full. Then the sister-in-law had married, and one leaf came out. Then Madge and her husband and their two children had gone to Canada, and two more followed.

Only six months since there had come the final break. Joel had gone



"All Gone Now," He Murmured.

away—suddenly, capriciously, his father thought. Joel had simply stated that there "had been a fuss," that "he could not at all get along with a cross-grained tyrant," his employer, and that he was going to seek his fortune in a new field.

In truth Joel had made a bad mistake in purchasing some stock for the business at a ruinously high figure without obtaining the sanction of his employer, whom he should have wired. The next day the stock went down to a low point. The house lost eight hundred dollars on the deal. Mr. Warner found fault with Joel. The latter had a high spirit and could not brook complaint.

"I discharge myself," he announced angrily. "I'll never enter your doors again until I am able to repay the measly sum you mourn about and which, under the circumstances, should be at the risk of the business."

Mr. Wells descended the stairs. He was on nettles until he saw how his wife would take the abstraction of the table leaf. It would be a reminder of her feelings. To his surprise, when Mrs. Wells came into the house she simply looked grumpy and said, evenly enough: "Yes, we can get along with less table space, Ira, but oh! it looks so lonesome. Nellie is coming over to tea."

Nellie arrived with her pleasant smile and gentle ways. She was the light of the house, her presence graced it. She was unusually vivacious on the present occasion and Mr. Wells noticed it. He attributed it, however, to her helpful spirit in constantly striving to direct their attention away from their sense of loneliness. Nellie's sweet face did not even shadow when she noted the further curtailing of the table space.

"Why, it will not even be crowded when Joel comes!" she said, brightly. "When he does!" responded his father, rather disconsolately. "Tell you, Nellie, I'm afraid the boy is going to be a rolling stone. We got a letter from him yesterday. He's going to Canada."

"Yes," nodded Nellie, and seemingly not discomfited at the statement, "so he wrote me."

"Up to Waldron's folks, I suppose," continued Ira. "I never like it when a fellow drifts down on relatives out of a job."

"But how do we know that Joel has not some motive in view in dropping in on the folks?" submitted Nellie, quite audaciously.

"Dropping in on them!" iterated his father, somewhat impatiently. "Seems to me he must be dumb with money to take that long jaunt."

"Maybe he is," suggested Nellie. She could have hugged herself for the joy that was bubbling over in her happy heart.

"I must save the surprise," she whispered to herself. "It will be so delightful!"

The days went on. Nellie received more than one letter, and twice telegrams, concerning which she said

nothing to Mr. and Mrs. Wells. She was in a rare flutter when she went over to the house one morning and, for some unaccountable reason, remained there chatting, an unusual occurrence, for Nellie was an energetic worker.

Then, at the sound of carriage wheels, she ran out to the front door. "Oh, folks! hurry! hurry!" her voice rang out. "Some one has arrived."

The "someone" was Madge, and with her Mr. Waldron and the children. It seemed to the worn, weary father and mother as though paradise had been restored to them. Of course it was "a visit." Oh, yes, Madge needed a change, and Mr. Waldron's business had allowed of his leaving it, and the children were so happy, and joy reigned supreme.

"One—two—three—for Nellie must stay to dinner, sure!" piped Mr. Wells, hopping about like a patriarch rejuvenated. "Five, and the two little ones. That means seven. Three leaves will give us plenty of room, eh, wife?"

"Hold on, I'll help you," suggested his son-in-law, as Mr. Wells started for the attic.

The old man chattered like a magpie, he climbed up the stairs, down the stairs, chuckling, laughing, infused with new life.

"There, that'll do!" he cried, cheerily, as he carried the third of the table leaves into the dining room.

"There's another, isn't there?" interrogated Mr. Waldron with affected indifference, as the leaves were fitted into place.

"Yes, but we don't need it."

"But we may," submitted Mr. Waldron. "Look here, father, I want to tell you a story."

"Fire away, son!"

"There's a fellow came up to Canada and told us how lonely and deserted you dear folks were. Well, Madge cried and I felt homesick. We sold out home and business. We're here to stay."

"Glory!" shouted Mr. Wells. "And who was the fellow?"

"Joel, your son."

"Joel!"

"Exactly. He'd made a strike with a mining partner. He's got enough to pay a certain eight hundred dollars he was worrying about. He's got enough left after that to go into business with me, right here in town, and marry Nellie, and settle down, right here at home."

The old man was astute, trembling all over.

"Son," he gasped, "it's too good to be true!"

"It isn't," asserted Robert Waldron. "In fact, Joel sent me ahead from town to prepare you for a steady boarder. He's made good and has 'come back.' He'll be here within an hour."

"Mother!" cried the old man in a delirious joy. "Tell her, son!"

And Mr. Waldron repeated his story.

"To think of it!" almost sobbed Ira Wells. "All hands back in the old home nest. Oh, I'm so overcome I—I don't know what to do!"

"Father," suggested his wife, smiling through her tears, "suppose you go upstairs and bring back the last leaf!"

Gas Works in Japan.

For a nation accustomed to lamps and candles for centuries, the fact that nearly 2,000,000 people in Japan now use gas for lighting purposes, is worthy of notice. Despite the charges for gas, higher than in Europe or America, the per capita consumption continues on the increase. In time a more developed condition of the industry will permit of a lower rate through the production and sale of dyes, coal tar and other by-products. Superstition and ignorance were the causes of numerous accidents at first, but the results have not been so uniformly fatal as in many foreign countries. This is principally due to the fact that the rooms of Japanese houses are not so nearly air-tight as the houses of this country. The amount of capital now invested in gas works in Japan amounts to about \$26,000,000, with about 250 miles of piping. The concerns engaged in the enterprise have on the whole done well from the standpoint of profit, the dividend yields being about 10 per cent annually. The hydroelectric industry in Japan, however, is developing fast, which may cause the gas companies to suffer somewhat.—Philadelphia Commercial Museum Notes.

Culture.

Culture is not a useless thing for ornament. Culture is service, growth. Culture of the field means the highest development of life. Without culture of this kind there can be no successful agriculture. The lack of culture means idleness and waste of the field as well as of the human intellect. Plant food in the soil becomes available, assimilable, only by culture. Bacterial life in the soil becomes most active and productive under culture. Culture, properly guided, is vision realized. Nowhere is there a higher or more useful culture than in the development of plant and animal life. A trained mind is a cultured mind. A highly productive field is a cultured field. The farm is nature's culture garden. There is culture in agriculture, and agriculture is culture in a highly intensified form.—Breeder's Gazette.

The Unfair Sex.

"Wait a minute," said Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Knox, who was making a neighborly call. "I want to show you my new Easter bonnet."

"I think I saw it," replied Mrs. Knox. "You had it on at church last Sunday, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jones. "By the way, how did you like it?"

"Oh, it was just lovely," rejoined Mrs. Knox. "I'm sure, dear, it looked as well as it did last year."

Only a female of the species could say a thing like that and say it so sweetly that honey would taste sour in comparison.

Fewer Deaths From Diphtheria.

The number of deaths due to diphtheria has almost uninterruptedly decreased during the last 15 years, and at present is less than one-half that of 1900.

In Woman's Realm

Needlework in Many Attractive Designs Has Achieved Much Popularity for Afternoon and Evening Gowns, as Shown in the Illustration—Footwear Never So Artistic, or So High in Price.

Needlework in which long stitches in heavy floss or yarn are used to produce many new effects made its appearance first on millinery. It reappeared with the entrance of the styles for spring, in suits and blouses and has reached its best development in afternoon and evening gowns. It is in reality a sort of embroidery which may be rapidly done, and the long stitch effect is made by tacking heavy floss to the fabric it decorates with fine silk thread. It is a showy decoration admitting of cleverness of colors, and there is no limit to variety of design in using it.

For blouses lighter flosses are used, often in conjunction with metal

No matter how rich the costume may be this season, its correctness will be questioned if the shoes are not up to the high mark of daintiness and elegance set by the fashions of today. Footwear is quiet as to color and exquisite as to workmanship and it is light and finished to the last degree of excellence. Women have never been more beautifully shod.

The very short skirt has many faithful adherents and the high boot to wear with it is imperative. It comes high in more senses than one, for shoes have advanced greatly in price, with the prospect pointing to a further advance. But there is no denying the youthful look of the short skirt or the



NEEDLEWORK AND BEADS IN NEW EFFECTS.

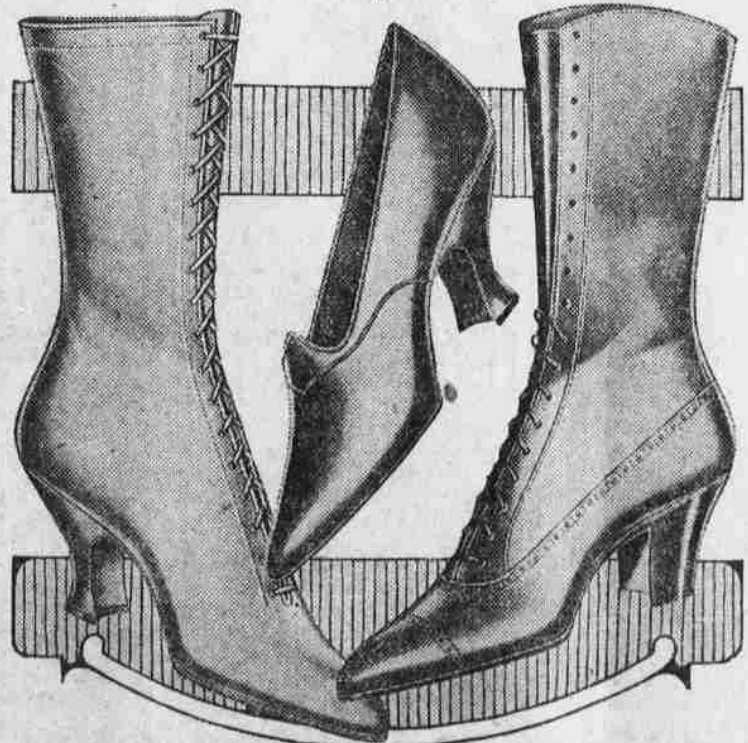
threads, and actual stitching works out the design. These decorative features of the new season may be the inspiration of head work, which appears along with them, but is not so popular. It is more tedious to do and is not superior to the floss in appearance, and it is not so light in weight. But the same designs may be wrought in either beads or floss.

An afternoon gown of black tulle over satin pictures a model in which black and white beads embroider the tulle overdraped in bands. The underskirt of satin is belted and joined to a low sleeveless bodice of satin. The overdress is very full, with a three-

charm of neatly clad feet and ankles, therefore the high boot flourishes in the face of a shortage of leather.

Two styles in high boots and one in low shoes are shown in the illustration given above. The high shoes are made in several shades of gray and in pale tan, or the same models may be had in black or white or combinations of black with all of the lighter colors. There is a choice of styles in heels. They are only moderately high, whether following the French or Cuban lines.

The low shoe pictured is a favorite in black or white. The seams are outlined with a cut-out pattern that is



PERFECTION IN SHOES

inch hem about the bottom. A wide band of beadwork heads the hem and a similar band divides the skirt half way of its length. A narrower design is worked about the skirt at the hip line and midway between the two wide bands. The same designs appear in short bands on the bodice.

Long sleeves of tulle are finished with cuffs of satin, and a decoration of several parallel rows of beads reaches from shoulder to cuff. The deep cuffs are adorned with a single row of the same embroidery. The round neck makes opportunity for a wide standing band of tulle. There is a soft girling of satin ribbon. Narrower satin ribbon hangs in loops and ends at three places at each side of the skirt. Black silk stockings and patent leather slippers complete the toilet.

Tips About the Hat.

Sports hats of Chinese and Mexican straw are well liked and used for general street wear.

Hand painting on straw is quite the craze of the hour, and makes a very effective decoration.

Sports hats of fabric are very popular and preferred by some, as they readily resume the shape after being packed or otherwise crushed.

Odd combinations of fruit and flowers are features of midsummer hats. For general tailored wear, small,

met with everywhere in high-class footwear.

Julia Bottomley

Briar Stitching Trims Linen Dresses.

A dainty little cotton dress was seen the other day in a schoolgirl's outfit. It was of oyster linen and the hem was turned up on the right side. The skirt was cut circular and the discrepancy of pockets was arranged in little fanning "pockets," a scalloping green braid-stitch encircled the hem, catching the linen every three or four inches. Little sprays of braidstitching were carried down from the belt and here and there tiny rosebuds were embroidered in. The same stitching was repeated on the collar and the little dress was a real "creation."

Newest Shade in Veils.

The last cry from Paris is the cafe au lait, or coffee-colored veil, which would seem to be not particularly becoming to most faces. But, oddly enough, if the exact shade is chosen the veil brings out all the pink in the skin, and with a run-in pattern in black these novelty veils are likely to have a great success over here.

THE EUROPEAN WAR A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

May 29, 1915.

French captured Abain-St. Nazaire after three weeks' fight.

Heavy fighting in Russian Baltic provinces.

Italians reached Isanzo river and took several Austrian towns, but were repulsed at Caporetto and near Piava.

Austrian aeroplanes bombed Venice, causing fires.

May 30, 1915.

French gained ground at four places in France and Alsace.

Russian attempts to cross the San failed and rief around Przemyel closing.

Italians checked by Isanzo defenses and repulsed at Cortina.

Turks took allied trenches at Av Burnu with bayonet.

German reply to America's Lusitania note received; held evasive.

May 31, 1915.

French made gains between Couches and Garencey.

Austrians took Russian positions near Stry.

Italians occupied Cortina.

Heavy fighting in Gallipoli.

Zeppelins made night raid on London, dropping incendiary bombs.

June 1, 1915.

Violent battle at Souchez, French winning.

Teutons storming three Przemyel forts.

Austro-Germans took Stry.

Serbs resumed operations against Austrians.

British repulsed severe attack at Gaba Tepe, Gallipoli.

British passenger steamer Saidieh torpedoed without warning.

June 2, 1915.

Germans recaptured Souchez sugar mill.

British took Chateau Hooge with bayonet.

Reims again bombarded.

Italians established on Monte Nero ridge in Friuli.

British submarine sank German transport in Sea of Marmora.

June 3, 1915.

Terrific fighting near Arras and Souchez.

Przemysl taken by storm by Austro-Germans.

Austrians repulsed Italians on Tyrolean and Carinthian frontiers.

Swedish, Danish, British and French vessels sunk by German submarines.

French aviators attacked headquarters of German crown prince.

San Marino declared war on Austria.

June 4, 1915.

Germans re-enforced from East, retook Givency trenches and Chateau Hooge.

Severe fighting along entire Galician front.

Combined general assault on Turkish Gallipoli positions begun.

Three German transports sunk by mines.

Many vessels sunk by German submarines.

Zeppelin raid on English coast.

Germany expressed regret for torpedoing Gulfight by mistake.

FLICKS HIS CIGAR AT HALF BILLION

New York Boarding House Lodger Yawns Over Ancient Castles in Wales.

TAKES IT AS A JOKE

Descendant of Sir John Wynn Refuses to Get Excited Over Prospect of Inheriting Immense Wealth.

New York.—Wales is divided into three parts—that part which is under water, that part which is England and that part which belongs to a thin, slightly bald young man who lives on the second floor back of a brownstone structure of West Twenty-third street's "boarding house row."

"Mr. Giegler," called the housekeeper of No. 227, "there's a gentleman down here to see you. He says it's very important."

From the top hallway floated J. Oliver Giegler's sleepy voice, "Coming," he called down. "What time is it?"

"Two o'clock."

"In the morning?"

"No; afternoon, Mr. Giegler."

Half an hour later he clumped down the carpeted stairs, a cigar in his mouth.

Takes Millions as a Joke.

"Mr. Giegler," began the stranger, "you are the heir to millions."

"Quit your kidding," he said. "Gee! It's cold here."

"Mr. Giegler," came the insistent information, "you are the heir to millions."

"I never use dope," replied J. Oliver Giegler. "Who left me the money?"

Into Mr. Giegler's hand was thrust a blue-tinted postal card signed by Edward S. Fox, manager of the Mutual Secret Association of Detectives of Cleveland. It read:

"J. O. Giegler of 227 West Twenty-third street has fallen heir to many millions of dollars. Send reporter to see him for full particulars."

Giegler calmly handed back the card. "Doesn't this surprise you?" he was asked.

"I've been expecting something of the sort," replied Mr. Giegler. He flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"Fox has written me about the same



"I Never Use Dope."

thing. It all goes back to Sir John Wynn, who was a somebody back in Wales. I'm related to him. He left an estate worth \$500,000,000."

"Who has it now?"

"It's being held in trust by the English court of chancery. Most of it is land in Wales. Did you ever play ball?"

"Not much."

"I did. Rotten weather we're having, ain't it?"

Wynns Form Organization.

J. Oliver Giegler extracted a number of telegrams, clippings and letters from a well-worn wallet.

"Sixty members of the Wynn family met in convention at Marlon, O., a few months ago," he volunteered.

"They came to decide who was to get the money from the estate. They also organized the Wynns Genealogical Historical Society, Incorporated."

"How are you related to Sir John Wynn?"

Mr. Giegler replied by tracing the Wynn genealogy on his fingers. His mother, he said, was a direct descendant of Sir John Wynn. In fact, he had written her yesterday morning not to be surprised in case he were announced heir at any moment.

"What'll you do with the money?" he was asked.

"Get a drink first," he replied. "Then I'd chuck my job as solicitor. Then I'd start a factory and share my money with my employees. Say, pinch me, will you? Are you sure I'm not dreaming?"

LONG LOST DAUGHTER FOUND

Indiana Woman, After Search of Thirty Years, Locates Kin at Hannibal, Mo.

Bedford, Ind.—Mrs. John Whitman, after a search of more than twenty-four years, has found her daughter, who, she alleges, was taken from her, Mrs. Laura Brooks, the daughter, lives at Hannibal, Mo. Thirty years ago Mrs. Whitman was Mrs. William H. Turned. She and her husband lived at Mitchell. She obtained a divorce from her husband when the daughter was four years old. One day the father, so Mrs. Whitman says, asked permission to take the child downtown, and the mother only later discovered what had become of her, although she had not failed to search.



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Not a Cause for Worry. Money may not make the man, but a little thing like that doesn't seem to worry the man who makes the money.

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A man who is cut out for a society favorite is usually petrified from his ears up.

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